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- ART. VII.—1. *Life of Mrs. ELIZA A. SETON, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters of Charity in the United States.* By REV. CHARLES J. WHITE, D. D. New York: Dunigan & Brother. 1853. pp. 581.
2. *Memoir of MARY L. WARE, Wife of Henry Ware, Jr.* By EDWARD B. HALL. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 434.
3. *The Sickness and Health of the People of Bleaburn.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853. 16mo. pp. 148.

“HOLY men of old, who have written the lives of Saints, universally begin by professing their unworthiness to be the historians of the marvellous deeds which the Holy Spirit has wrought in the Church. What then should *we* say, who, in these memorable times, from the bosom of our quiet homes, in the midst of our literary ease, venture to celebrate the glories of the Saints? We have much that is amiable and domestic among us; but Saints, the genuine creation of the Cross, with their supernatural virtues, are now to us a matter of history.”

So says a late devout chronicler of the English Saints; and it seems a strange admission for one whose Church claims, to this day, miraculous powers for her faithful sons and daughters. What are “supernatural virtues?” Why are they not to be looked for in our day? More interesting for us, as well as more germane to our present purpose, is the inquiry,—what constitutes a Saint? Is it the gift of miracles, or asceticism, or pure humility? Is it devotion, charity, labor for the good of others? Is it a recluse life,—a literal separateness from the world, for the sake of a more entire renunciation of its pleasures and honors? Our own short answer would be,—something of all these; the power of working miracles being at least represented by the overwhelming potency of a true life in silencing all cavils, and enlightening the minds of those who witness it.

The term Saint has been, and is now, occasionally applied, in a contemptuous sense, to persons who profess a deeper sense of religion and more complete submission to its laws than their

neighbors, and who show more piety than the world believes to be sincere and practical. It is not difficult to account for the feeling which has thus sought to cast odium upon a prominent profession of religion. The very name of sainthood involves the supposition that the world in general is "lying in wickedness," supine in alienation from God, and impatient of his laws and government; that not merely that abstraction "the world," but we, with our friends and neighbors, are in this state to such a degree, that if one be found among us, whose life is carefully, and, saving human frailties, fully conformed to the standard which we all pretend to acknowledge, he stands out conspicuous, a peculiar person, worthy of praise and honor. The writer, with whose words we began, states the matter thus: "To the generality of the world, many of the commandments of Christ are precepts of *perfection*, but to the Saints they are precepts of OBLIGATION. *This is the true distinction of Saints.*" There is then a broad line to be drawn between those who admire and those who imitate the Divine Saviour; and the world recognizes the distinction without horror or self-condemnation, even while confessing, with cold lips, the duty and the rationality of imitation. The ridicule, but too general, is therefore only one of the poor sops with which sin attempts to silence conscience. The best lives have yet so much of human frailty, that we get rid of the reproach of their goodness by calling up and insisting upon their imperfections, which we make as black as possible, in order to throw the shadow of hypocrisy over the bright side.

But, do what we will, the Saint is always recognized. He is a distinct person. Whatever be the amount of his astuteness, industry, thrift, fine manners, desire of popularity, he is not the man of the world, but a different creature, because his supreme, his ruling idea, the philosophy of his life, is different. He may even be, to the distant or prejudiced eye, undistinguishable from his neighbor who worships Mammon with heartiest service; but those near enough to feel the spirit of his life, know better. A man *is* what he believes and aims at, on the whole, with whatever short comings or even relapses. If wealth be his main object, occasional paroxysms of generosity must be referred to occasional causes; if pleasure, serious interests will occupy him only under the pressure of

circumstances; if selfish ambition, all the tender affections and disinterested virtues are in abeyance, and must wait or bend, or be annihilated, if the greedy god smile not without such propitiation. So when one vows the allegiance of his soul to God and his fellow-man, all else is, so far as his wish and intention go, put in subordination to this upper purpose; and however riches, pleasure, selfish instincts, boiling ambition, human weakness, or obstreperous passions, may beguile, becloud, or pervert for the time, there is still the grand, holy, leading idea, in distant brightness, like the polestar, shining in blackest skies, and over the billows mountain high, that only for the moment blind and confound the bewildered mariner. It is convenient, for purposes of ridicule or depreciation, to draw the line as between "Saints" and "Sinners," that the respect accorded to the former may seem absurd; but the world knows very well that although Saints are Sinners, Sinners are none the more Saints for all that; and that, with all his sins, the man who is determined to be on God's side, and a worker for Him in this life, is unhappily always a remarkable personage.

The Saint is especially a worker. He is somebody who *does* something; not who fasts, or prays, or talks, or preaches merely, but who does what he finds to do for his fellow-creature, under the guidance, and as the humble follower, of a Divine Master. His having a Divine Master is what alone can preserve him from blundering arrogance in the performance of his work, and from fatal self-complacency in the contemplation of it. As well might the worker at the Gobelins throw away the exquisite painting that hangs behind him, and attempt *impromptu* flourishes and flowers unknown to botany. With a perfect pattern, even the most ignorant may attempt something, if only his eye be single. With all his errors, there will be a general resemblance,—such as a Master whose love is boundless, and whose compassions fail not, will accept and bless.

Seeing, then, that Saints are still, as they have ever been, but sparsely scattered up and down in the world,—here presenting a green spot for the eye to rest on amid the glare and heat of life, there making "a sunshine in a shady place,"—it is surely well to speak of them when they are gone and can no longer feel painfully humbled by praise; to draw them

together for the advantage of phalanx and the strengthening of those still dispersed and unconfirmed, as well as for the prompting and awakening of hearts in which aspirations of duty and holiness are as yet only possible, not present. Who does not know how often the noble deed of another has been the spear of Ithuriel to his own conscience; or a trait of heavenly goodness, the mirror wherein he saw, in all its odiousness, his past remissness or his cherished sin? Who has not read of devotion, with a stinging sense of his own ingratitude; of disinterestedness, with secret shame at conscious selfishness; of charity, with resolutions against hoarding for the future? Not only is a man known by the company he keeps, but the company he keeps has no small share in making him what he is. The Roman Catholic Church, with its usual astuteness in the use of means, makes the reading of the lives of the Saints a primary duty. To see what has been done is one of the most powerful stimulants to action; the knowledge of what others have surmounted, helps us through many a difficulty. Next in value to the actual companionship of the good, is the study of their lives, as portrayed by kindred spirits. Biographies get nearer the heart than any other writings, as pictures which resemble ourselves are sure to be interesting. We love even egotism and garrulity in the shape of autobiography, so strong is human sympathy. Every way benefactors therefore are they who give us lives of the Saints.

Never have such books as those we are considering been so eagerly sought after as now; perhaps, because the world, conscious of being more worldly than ever, confesses the sore need of recuperative means. It is the trick of a certain class of *gourmands* to follow each dangerous excess by some remedial drug, because penance is preferable to abstinence, and, the balance once struck, the peril is averted. So it has been known, before our day, that the wickedest men have been, naturally enough, though rather ludicrously, the most anxious for their souls, and, without any thing like a resolve to reform, the most profuse in masses and charities. The reading of good books seems like a good work, and the admiration of good actions seems like a holy sympathy; so we get better

chiefly by the aid of those who have made the sacrifices which are too hard for us. But the best are strengthened by such reading, for who does not need help by the way ?

Americans and their doings have as yet found small place in biographical dictionaries and works professing to be cyclopedic. We need the condemned word "ignore," to express the cool omissions of European writers and hashers, where American worth and worthies are concerned ; for ignoring is very different from ignorance. But now we are beginning to make ourselves heard, and may one day, if we choose, be exclusive in our turn, for the whirligig of Time is no more remiss than of yore in bringing about its revenges. In *Lives of the Saints*, in particular, we are already rich ; and when age shall have mellowed our chronicles, some homebred Allan Butler will rise up, surrounded with abundant and choice material. Some of the more recent of these we propose to examine, and we give the priority due to that Church which has always been most assiduous in holding up her Saints for reverence and imitation. She must excuse us if we forestall her in counting "one Saint more," whose name has not yet found its way into the calendar. Canonization is not, in our day, the privilege of popes and councils. We venture to claim for our countrywoman, Mrs. Seton, a niche beside that of St. Bega, who founded the religious house now known as St. Bees, sung by Wordsworth in some stanzas, from which we must be allowed to quote two or three :

"When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand crost ;
 She knelt in prayer — the waves their wrath appease,
 And, from her vow, well weigh'd in Heaven's decrees,
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the chantry of St. Bees.

To aid the votaress, miracles believed
 Wrought in men's minds like miracles achieved ;
 So Piety took root, and Song might tell
 What humanizing virtues near her cell
 Sprang up and spread their fragrance wide around ;
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound
 Of gospel truth enchained in harmonies

Wafted o'er waves or creeping through close trees,
From her religious mansion of St. Bees.

When her sweet voice, that instrument of love,
Was glorified, and took its place above
The silent stars, among the angelic quire,
Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire
And perished utterly ; but her good deeds
Had sown the spot that witnessed them with seeds
Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze
With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,
And lo ! a statelier pile, the Abbey of St. Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed,
And Charity extendeth to the dead
Her intercessions made for the soul's rest
Of tardy penitents ; or for the best
Among the good, (when love might else have slept,
Sickened, or died,) in pious memory kept,
Thanks to the austere and simple devotees,
Who, to that service bound by venial fees,
Keep watch before the altars of St. Bees."

This Saint Bega is made out by her Catholic biographer to be a very lovely personage. She was an Irish princess, who left her father's house to avoid a marriage which he had planned for her ; and, assisted by the virtue of a miraculous bracelet, which was given to her in a vision, she gained the English coast, though not without great danger of shipwreck among the rocks, which she escaped by a vow to build a holy house upon the same inhospitable headland on the Cumberland coast. There she constructed a cell, or, as some think, lived in a cave.

"Beyond those beautiful mountains, St. Oswald was ruling in sanctity and peace, and St. Aidan making his episcopal visitations on foot, [it was in the seventh century,] entering the scattered farms, teaching the little children, and leaving heavenly peace behind him where-soever he went. The king in his bright crown, the weary, foot-sore bishop, each in his way, doing the work of God, and spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. And Bega too — she in her way is doing the same work. While she sings the Divine praises, and her meditations are

differently attended, sometimes by the heavy thunder of the rolling sea, sometimes by the scarcely-whispering winds, or deep voices of the wood-pigeons in the trees, she is spreading the Redeemer's kingdom. Her prayers, her intercessions, her acts of austerity, her self-imposed loneliness, her virginal sacrifice, are communicating secret vigor to the whole church, and have power in the invisible world to bring out gifts for her fellow-men. *For to love God is the first commandment, and activity for our neighbors, without the love of God, is not the keeping of the second.*"

Truly, this is a maxim sometimes overlooked in our philanthropic times.

But Bega did not omit the kindly duties that show the quality of this goodly trunk of love. She was skilled in medicinal plants, and applied them to the curing of the poor about her; and it is said that she tamed the sea-birds, and even the wolves, who gratefully brought her of their spoils. One hardly requires that this should be literally true, so beautifully does it typify the power of feminine gentleness and Christian love.

After some years of deep seclusion, Bega was forced to fly her sea-side caves by the incursions of pirates, and she sought and found St. Aidan, to whom, says her biographer, "as to the brideman of her Bridegroom, Bega, the bride of Christ, drawing near, disclosed every secret of her soul, and those things that were wrought about her; and sought counsel from him, after what manner she might draw the bands of love and obedience toward her heavenly spouse more tightly." St. Aidan made the recluse into a nun, subject to the rules of an order. "No sooner was she clothed in her black dress than she entered a haven of peace; she was like a pilot resigning the helm to another, now that the mouth of the harbor is gained. For obedience is like Eden, a place, if not of carelessness, at least of child-like security."

Bega built a great monastery and filled it with nuns. While it was rising, though she was not able to work in stone and timber, she made herself the servant of the workmen, cooked their provisions for them, and carried them to them with her own hands; "ever ministering," says the record, "and running backwards and forwards, like a bee laden with

honey." ("He that would be great among you, let him be your minister.")

"Soon the place was full of gentle nuns, spinning and weaving and copying patterns, yet all the while silent and recollected, their hearts stayed on God, and occupied with the sweets of celestial meditation. For she urged them most fervently to the keeping of fasts and watchings, to the singing of hymns and psalms and spiritual songs, and to the study of holy reading. Thus she did Martha's work, that she might not neglect Mary's holy rest, nor, on the other hand, condemn a necessary service on account of Mary's sabbath."

The monastery grew so large and important that Bega's conscience would not let her continue to rule over it; and she importuned St. Aidan till he permitted her to resign it in favor of the holy Hilda, better known, by name at least, to the profane world, if the world of poetry may be so called, than her predecessor. After this, Bega retired to a hermitage, making, however, an annual visit to her friend Hilda and the beloved monastery. Hilda died first, and Bega saw, in a glorious vision, the beatified soul carried to heaven, but in what semblance the chronicler does not tell us. Not long afterwards, she herself was called away, on the 31st of October, "while she was observing the vigil of All-Saints, quitting the world to join their society; that, winter coming upon the earth, all winter might pass away from her, leaving it; and the rain might cease and depart; that eternal spring might shine upon her, and the bloom of roses and the lilies of the valley might appear to her in heaven."

Some such life may have been the model of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, the daughter of a New York physician of some eminence, who, born an Episcopalian under the spiritual reign of Dr. Hobart, became, in middle life, the foundress and first Superior of the "Sisters of Charity" in America. The immediate or more obvious cause of her conversion to the Romish faith seems to have been a residence of some months in Italy, whither she had gone with her husband, for the benefit of his health, but without success, for he died at Leghorn, in December, 1803, after a month's confinement in a wretched lazaretto, where Mrs. Seton and her dying charge had suffered

a whole life of tortures, both of body and soul. Her journal of the period is most touching.

"The matin bells," she says, "awakened my soul to its most painful regrets, and filled it with an agony of sorrow which could not, at first, find relief even in prayer. In the little closet, from whence there is a view of the open sea, and the beatings of the waves against the high rocks at the entrance of this prison, which throw them violently back, and raises the white foam as high as its walls, I first came to my senses, and reflected that I was offending my only Friend and resource in my misery, and voluntarily shutting from my soul the only consolation it could receive. Pleading for mercy and strength brought peace, and with a cheerful countenance I asked William what we should do for breakfast. The doors were unbarred, and a bottle of milk set down at the entrance of the room. Little Anna and William ate it with bread, and I walked the floor with a crust and a glass of wine. William could not sit up; his ague came on, and my soul's agony with it. My husband on the cold bricks, without fire, lifting his dim and sorrowful gaze in my face, while his tears ran on his pillow, without one word. . . . My William, wearied out, was asleep; Anna, with a flood of tears, said her prayers, and soon forgot her sorrows, and it seemed as if opening my prayer-book and bending my knees was the signal for my soul to find rest. . . . Our capitano brought us word that other five days were granted, and that on the 19th of December we were free. Poor William says with a groan, 'I believe before then.' We pray and cry together until fatigue overpowers him, and then he says he is willing to go. Cheering up is useless; he seems easier after venting his sorrow, and always gets quiet sleep after his struggle. A heavy storm of wind, which drives the spray from the sea against our window, adds to his melancholy. If I could forget my God one moment, at these times, I should go mad; but He hushes all. 'Be still, and know that I am God, your Father.' Dear home — dearest sisters — my little ones — well! either protected by God in this world, or in heaven. It is a sweet thought to dwell on, that all those I most tenderly love, love God, and if we do not meet again here, there we shall be separated no more. If I have lost them now, their gain is infinite and eternal. How often I tell my William, 'When you awake in that world, you will find nothing could tempt you to return to this; you will see that your care over your wife and little ones was like a hand only to hold the cup which God himself will give, if he takes you. Heavenly Father, pity the weak and burdened souls of thy poor creatures, who have not strength to look to thee, and lift us from the dust, for His sake, our resurrection and our life.'"

After recounting a vision of youthful days at home, she says, —

“ All this came strong in my head this morning, when, as I tell you, the body let the spirit alone. I had prayed and cried heartily, which is my daily and hourly comfort, and, closing my eyes, with my head upon the table, lived all those sweet hours over again — made believe I was under the chestnut tree — felt so peaceable at heart, so full of love to God — such confidence and hope in him. The wintry storms of time shall be over, and the unclouded spring enjoyed forever. So you see, with God for our portion, there is no prison in high walls and bolts ; no sorrow in the soul that waits on him, though beset with present cares and gloomy prospects. For this freedom I can never be sufficiently thankful, as in my William’s case, it keeps alive what in his weak state would naturally fail ; and often when he hears me repeat the psalms of triumph in God, and read St. Paul’s faith in Christ with my whole soul, it so enlivens his spirit that he makes them also his own, and all our sorrows are turned into joy. O well may I love God, and well may my whole soul try to please him ; for what but the pen of an angel can ever express what he has done and is constantly doing for me ? ”

Laboring incessantly for the body and soul of her sinking charge, she saw always light, bright as that which shone round Peter in his dungeon. Gifted with the warmest heart and the tenderest sensibility, she feels the sufferings of him she loved with a sympathy which left her no thought for her own, yet she was even more solicitous for his acceptance than for his comfort.

“ The dampness about us would be thought dangerous for people in health, — and my William’s sufferings, — oh ! well I know that God is above ! Capitano, you need not always point your silent look and finger there. If I thought our condition the providence of *man*, instead of a weeping Magdalen you so graciously call me, you would find me a lioness, willing to burn your lazaretto about your ears, if it were possible, that I might carry off my poor prisoner to breathe the air of heaven in some more seasonable place. . . . No one ever saw my William without giving him the quality of an amiable man ; but to see that character exalted to the peaceful, humble Christian, waiting the will of God with a patience that seems more than human, and a firm faith that would do honor to the most distinguished piety, is a happiness that is allowed only to the poor little mother who is separated from all other happiness connected with this scene of things. No sufferings, no

weakness nor distress, (and from these he is never free in any degree,) can prevent his following me daily in prayer, in the Psalms, and in generally large readings of the Scripture. . . . When I thank God for my creation and preservation, it is with a warmth of feeling I never could know until now; to wait on Him in my William's soul and body, to console and soothe these hours of affliction and pain, watching and weariness, which, next to God, I alone could do; to strike up the cheerful notes of hope and Christian triumph, which, from his partial love, he hears with the more enjoyment from me, because to me he attributes the greatest share of them; to hear him, in pronouncing the name of his Redeemer, declare that I first taught him the sweetness of the sound — Oh! if I was in the dungeon of this lazaretto, I should bless and praise my God for these days of retirement and abstraction from the world, which have given me opportunity for so blessed a work."

The end came at last, and sooner than the devoted wife expected. The 19th of December was the much desired day of release from the lazaretto, and the invalid was taken to the elegant residence of Mr. Filicchi, where he lay "the greater part of the day on a sofa, delighted with his change of situation, and with the taste and elegance of every thing around him. We read, compared past and present, talked of heavenly hopes, and went to rest in hopes of a good night;" but in the night the fatal summons came, and a few more days put an end to hope and suspense. Mrs. Seton went through the last duties with a firmness which astonished all about her. The simple people around, who had been prevented by a vain fear of contagion from performing the usual offices for the corpse, exclaimed, "If she was not a heretic, she would be a Saint!" Perhaps they recognized the infallible marks better than their spiritual teachers.

Up to this period, Mrs. Seton had evinced no nearer leaning toward Romanism than might have been predicated of a highly imaginative and warm-hearted woman, who admired and loved Dr. Hobart and his teachings. But the generous and truly Christian kindness of the Filicchi family seems to have warmed into active life the seeds sown by the zealous high-churchman in New York. Those friends in a foreign land offered a home to the widow and her children, supplied her with every comfort and consolation possible, and when

she thought proper to return to her own country, one of the brothers accompanied her. Mr. Antonio Filicchi she thenceforth calls brother, and in a letter written a year afterward, addresses him thus characteristically, and as if the sun of Italy had put to flight every vestige of Anglo-Saxon reserve:

"Do you remember when you carried the poor little wandering sheep to the fold, and led it to the feet of its tender Shepherd? Whose warning voice first said 'My sister, you are in the broad way, and not in the right one'? Antonio's. Who begged me to seek the right one? Antonio. Who led me kindly, gently in it? Antonio. And when deceived and turning back, whose tender, persevering charity withheld my erring steps and strengthened my fainting heart? Antonio's. And who is my unfailing friend, protector, benefactor? Antonio! Antonio! commissioned from on high, the messenger of peace, the instrument of mercy. My God, my God, my God, reward him! The widow's pleading voice, the orphan's innocent hands are lifted to you to bless him! They rejoice in his love, O grant him the eternal joy of years!"

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Seton's change of faith, which was perfected during the homeward voyage of fifty-six days in the society of Mr. Antonio Filicchi, was received by her family and friends without what her Catholic biographer calls "a storm of opposition." He talks even of "persecution," and says that, had she remained a Protestant, she would have "inherited a large fortune." Who the persons were that thus punished her for leaving the Episcopal Church, we are not informed, but conclude they must have been unusually zealous members of that communion. The kind Filicchi stepped in, and offered to provide for their convert, but this the proper spirit of Mrs. Seton declined. She wished to exert herself in the support of her family of five children, and although compelled to accept occasional aid from her Italian friends, she labored incessantly for the purpose. The generosity of these friends must have formed a striking contrast with the severity of Protestant relatives. After years of most liberal contribution to her support, Mr. A. Filicchi writes, urging her to draw on his New York agents to any amount she desired: "If you attempt to disregard your brother's direction in this respect, I will not write to you any more. I will try

not to think of you, if possible. My means are to-day double what they were at the date of my subscription, (of \$400.) A special Providence is visible in every step of ours. If you are heard so much in Heaven in my behalf, should I be so ungrateful as to desert you on earth? It is mortifying to receive, but mortification is the duty of a Christian." After the removal of Mrs. Seton to Baltimore, and the adoption of her plan for a Catholic school for girls near that city, Mr. Filicchi again writes, — and we mention such particulars with express reference to the example set by these disciples of Rome, not of munificence to secure a convert, for this one had long been beyond doubt or fear, but to further the interests of the religion they professed to believe, and to honor the name of Christ in comforting one of his humble followers:—"To promote the establishment you intimate, you will please draw on my agents for one thousand dollars, charging the same to the account in the world to come of my brother Philip and your brother Antonio. If any thing more should be wanted, you are commanded to quote it to me plainly and positively." The occasion for another thousand came in due season, and was promptly met; and two sons of Mrs. Seton were successively received for mercantile education and profitable employment by these untiring friends, whom we are disposed to class, if not among the Saints, among those who *méritent bien de l'être*, as true and warm lovers of God and man.

The steps by which Mrs. Seton was led to undertake the founding of a sisterhood we need not recount. Through the influence of a benefactor, Emmetsburg was chosen as the seat of the new nunnery; and, whether from some unhealthiness in the site, or in consequence of extravagant austerities, the mortality among the inmates of the convent seems to have been terrible. Mrs. Seton herself lost two daughters and two sisters-in-law; and the small community, in about ten years, some fifteen of its members beside. The weakness and unconscious impiety of the ascetic life, so lauded throughout this biography and elsewhere, never struck us so forcibly as in reading this account of a lovely woman, possessed of almost genuine and undoubted piety, yet whose mind, in

many respects so clear and luminous, "rayed out darkness" of the intensest quality wherever penance was in question. Her immediate spiritual advisers seem to have been men of sense, and their cautions on this head here recorded certainly give no sanction to follies such as were practised by some of the sisters, and evidently encouraged by Mrs. Seton herself. Early death was constantly held up by her as most desirable; and the fact that a death had been hastened by voluntary self-torment had in it nothing to shock her notion of duty to our Maker and Preserver. One of the sisters, being ill, "was directed to bathe her feet in warm water, which the sister infirmarian having brought, she put her feet into it, and immediately withdrew them, observing that the water was too hot; but her attendant insisting that it was not, she returned her feet into the vessel and held them there as long as she was required, although it caused her intense pain, and produced an inflammation from which she suffered for a long time after. By this assiduous practice of the virtues of her state, she soon became ripe for heaven." p. 337.

We should know how to characterize such senseless and unkind behavior if it were practised in our own families. It is melancholy to find it praised by those who should know better. Mrs. Seton's own enthusiasm was so ardent, that we can make allowance for the fruits of her conversion wearing something of a hot-house aspect, as grapes raised under glass have a lusciousness seldom reached by the fruit naturally grown.* But the system, with its will-worship, its egotism under the transparent disguise of self-abasement, its passion-

* Here is part of a letter from Mrs. Seton to a clergyman in Baltimore, exhorting him to that perfect purity of service which excluded even the most natural and innocent gratification. "How much purer is your service when you are above the mist of earthly attraction! One thing I hope you are convinced of, (I, as a wretched sinner, know it well,) that wherever we meet a little proof of human comfort, there is always some subtraction of divine comfort; and, for my part, I am so afraid to cause any such subtraction, that I feel a reserve and fear in every human consolation, that makes them more my pains than my pleasures, yet the liberty of children of God I hope in all. I only mean to say we should be too happy when the providence of God keeps us wholly to himself. . . . You are remembered and loved here too much to make it a safe place for you, unless you were sent by God himself without the least agency of your own, and even then I fear my brother would grow lean."

ateness, induced by a friction no less obvious than that by which we heat sealing-wax till it will attract to itself all the needle-points that are near enough — this is what strikes us painfully throughout the account of Mrs. Seton's life, her sufferings, her labors, and her excellencies. How *can* it be that wise men will try to be "wiser than God," in teaching that, in order to serve him acceptably, we must crush out the very nature he has endowed us with for that service?

Mrs. Seton herself is a most interesting person, and her life and character would well repay a closer study than we can here afford. In selecting her, among the Saints of our age and country, as a specimen of peculiarly devotional self-consecration, we have chosen her as the highest and best instance within our knowledge, and a woman who would have done honor to any faith. Biographers of the good are usually scarcely more than eulogists; but there is no little discrimination in some of the observations of Dr. White, and so many of Mrs. Seton's letters and sayings are quoted, that the whole carries with it in some respects the air of an autobiography.

"Full of kindness and charity to her neighbor, Mother Seton was rigid and austere to herself. We have already noticed the spirit of self-denial which she exhibited by the mortification of her senses. The renunciation of self was plainly visible in the poverty of her dress, her furniture, and other articles which she used; in her abstemiousness at meals, and in the severe observance of rules. She rose generally with the community, at four o'clock, and repairing to the choir, she there knelt erect, never sitting or leaning on any thing, and remained in this posture until after the morning prayers and meditation, which lasted an hour. But her chief aim was to practise that interior abnegation, which is at once the principle and end of all exterior virtue, and which consists in the crucifixion of corrupt nature, and its subjugation under the dominion of faith. This is the cross which she resolutely took up, after the example of her Divine Master, striving always to resist and overcome the views and desires of self, and follow the suggestions of grace. Nor did she find it an easy task to curb her will to the order of Providence; to walk faithfully and with simplicity in the path of obedience, and accept, with peaceful resignation, the numerous trials which it presented. Frequent and painful were the struggles she had to endure, in combating the suggestions of her own mind, relative to the line of conduct which her sanctification, the happiness of her child-

ren, and the welfare of St. Joseph's sisterhood seemed to require. The Almighty, who visited her with these interior troubles, for the purification of her heart and the increase of her heavenly reward, permitted her to experience an extraordinary dryness in her spiritual duties, and to conceive a most invincible repugnance to the directions of her superiors. She thus depicts her situation in a letter to a clergyman :

" Writing on a table opposite to the door of the chapel, looking at the tabernacle, my soul appeals to Him if this is not a daily martyrdom. I love and live, and love and live, in a state of separation indescribable. My being and existence, it is true, are real, because I meditate, pray, commune, conduct the community, &c., and all this with regularity, resignation, and singleness of heart ; but yet this is not I ; it is a sort of machinery no doubt acceptable to the compassionate Father, but it is a different being from that in which the soul acts. In meditation, prayer, communion, I find no soul ; in the beings around me, dearly as I love them, I find no soul ; in that tabernacle I know He is, but I see not, feel not. A thousand deaths might hang over me to compel me to deny his presence there, and I would embrace them all, rather than deny it an instant ; yet it seems that He is not there for me ; and yesterday, while for a few moments I felt his presence, it was only to make me know that hell was gaping under me, and how awful his judgment would be. . . . Not one spark of grace can the soul discern in it all, but rather a continuation of the original fault, of a desire to do, to be loved, to please ! So far from the simplicity of grace which would turn every instant to gold, it felt ashamed when it returned to the tabernacle, as if it had played the fool, or acted like those women who try to please company, and show all their ill humors at home. . . . Sometimes I would shudder at the dangers of such a situation, as if it was not as clear as light that it is part of the materials he takes for his work ; and so little did he prepare the composition, that I would take a blister, a scourging, any bodily pain, with a real delight, rather than speak to a human being — that heavy sloth, hating exertion, would be willing to be an animal, and die like the brute in unconsciousness. O my good Father, all in my power is to abandon and to adore. How good He is to let me do that.' In this perplexing state, the thought would often occur to her that she was another Jonas, who ought to be cast out, for the safety of those around her. At one time, tortured with a sense of her responsibility in the station she occupied, she desired, like Bega, to resign it. But she lived to be elected Mother Superior for a third term, and in the mean time to perform a round of duties, both as the head of a young and struggling religious community, and as the principal of a boarding-school for young ladies, for both of which

offices she seems to have been excellently fitted. Various passages in her advice to the sisters remind us of Madame Guyon, whom indeed she seems not a little to have resembled, in character and turn of mind."

As principal governess of the school, Dr. White speaks of her qualifications with great particularity, and with the highest praise. In general, (for our space waxes small,) he sums them up thus :

"The young ladies of the school she regarded as a sacred trust committed to her by Divine Providence, and to be cultivated with a solitude similar to that which the Almighty himself evinces for his creatures. Her direction to the sisters, who had the particular care of them, was, 'Be to them as our guardian angels are to us.' Such was the character which she herself exhibited in this regard."

In another place it is prettily said : "Her part was to visit the classes, to exercise the talent of smiling and caressing, to give the look of encouragement or reproof, and in this way inspire both the pupils and their mistresses with a cheerful zeal in the performance of their duties." On the very difficult point of the treatment of parents, a greater stumbling-block in the path of the American teacher than any other, Mrs. Seton's good sense and natural tact, combined with tender affections and a deep religious sense of duty, is worthy of special remark, since it is matter of deep concern to all interested in education, — parents, teachers, and pupils.

"It was her custom to keep parents duly informed in regard to the proficiency of their daughters, and occasionally to request their coöperation in the correction of their faults, when the ordinary methods had proved ineffectual. In general, however, she thought it more wise not to acquaint parents with the failings of their children, *knowing how peculiarly sensitive American parents are on this point*. According to her view, where the fault is not to be corrected immediately by the parents, but rather by advice and education, it is best not to inform them of it, as they would consider it a reflection thrown on themselves ; and although, if you referred the matter to them, they would apparently acquiesce in what you say, in their hearts they would exterminate the fault, whatever it might be, excusing to the children what they condemn to their superiors, and thus rendering fruitless any future efforts for their improvement. . . . Entering fully into the feel-

ings of the parental heart, she knew what they could bear, and what it was inexpedient for them to receive; and with the greatest delicacy did she regulate her communications to the parents, always endeavoring to impart the word of comfort and gratification, and never withholding what it was necessary for them to know. On one occasion, she says, writing to a person who had a daughter at St. Joseph's, 'I have continually deferred answering your obliging letter, always hoping to say something consoling to the heart of a parent, and now with pleasure can assure you that your dear daughter has shown a considerable perseverance in her good determinations for some time past,' &c. Well could parents intrust their children to the direction of so wise and prudent a preceptress; for if she avoided, on the one hand, that weak condescension which overlooks, instead of correcting a fault, she understood, on the other, the necessity of training the heart gradually, and not forcing habits which must be the result of repeated and patient instruction. She thus wrote to a pious gentleman who had a relation at the school, whom he had lectured in too reproachful a tone by way of compelling her to her duty:—'You and I speak for all eternity, but take a word of advice from your old mother. I am a hundred to your thirty, in experience, that cruel friend of our earthly journey. If you ask too much at first, you often gain nothing at last; and if the heart is lost, all is lost. If you use such language to your family, they cannot love you, since they have not *our* microscope to see things as they are. The faults of young people must be moved by prayers and tears, since they are constitutional, and cannot be frightened out.'

We could go on quoting instances to show the mingled strength and tenderness, which characterized this devoted servant of God, but perhaps enough has been shown to give an idea of the whole. A large heart and a sound head she must have had, and God saw fit to try her as silver is tried, till the earthly elements seem to have been wellnigh removed. Two beloved sisters, converted to her faith by her life and loveliness, were successively removed from her very arms; for they had joined her, and one had become a Sister of Charity. The next deep grief was the loss of her eldest daughter, the one who had shared the confinement and suffering at Leghorn, and who had ever given great promise of excellence. This young creature was tried by a painful illness, but shone brighter and brighter to the last—even to the point of rejoicing at the mortifying failure of a matrimonial engagement, which had, at one time, wholly absorbed her interest.

“With all the devotedness that maternal love could inspire,” says Dr. White, speaking of Mrs. Seton, “she watched day and night by the couch of her dying Annina, bestowing every care, and administering every comfort, with the most unremitting attention, and exhibiting the most heroic courage and resignation to the will of God. Mother and daughter seemed to vie with each other in the display of Christian sentiment under this painful trial, and it would be difficult to decide which was the more worthy of admiration, the daughter pressing forward to her heavenly home, or the mother generously offering the sacrifice of her first-born child.”

This expression reminds us that, in Mrs. Seton's younger days, and long before she became a Roman Catholic, she had, in a moment of agonized apprehension for the salvation of her father, Dr. Bailey, offered her infant child to God as a sacrifice for him. “Leaving her dying parent for a few moments, she went to the cradle where her infant child was sleeping, clasped it to her bosom, and, going out on the piazza of the building, she then raised the innocent babe towards heaven and appealed to the divine compassion, saying, ‘Oh Jesus, my merciful Father and God, take this little innocent offering; I give it to thee with all my heart; take it, my Lord, but save my father's soul.’” This incident shows that intense devotional faith was not, in Mrs. Seton's case, the development of any form of belief, but rather the instinct of her ardent and generous nature. The eldest daughter was evidently the inheritor of her enthusiastic temperament. In her dying moments, she desired that the young ladies of the school, fifty in number, should be called to her bedside in companies, according to their ages. “My dear girls,” she said, “come and look at your poor Anna; see how I am reduced, who but a few weeks ago was as well, as gay, as playful, and as happy as you are. See me now in the arms of death; look at the state of my breast—the mortification has already commenced.” Here, uncovering her neck to let them behold its sad condition after her dreadful sufferings of the night before,—“See,” she continued; “the body which I used to dress and lace up so well, what is it now? Look at these hands, the worms will have poor banqueting here! What is beauty? what is life? Nothing—nothing. O love and serve God faithfully,

and prepare for eternity. Some of you, dear girls, may soon be as I am now; be good, and pray for me!" This young lady died at seventeen. And the mother says, in a letter to a friend, written on the occasion,—"You will believe me when I say, with my whole soul—Thy will be done, forever."

Four years afterwards, another daughter, breathing the same spirit, died, after an excruciating illness of six months. The mother quails, but the Saint shrinks not.

"'Our God! Our God!' she exclaims; 'to wait one hour for an object every moment expected—but poor Rebecca's hours and agonies are known to you alone! her meek, submissive look, artless appeals of sorrow, and unutterable distress; the hundred little acts of piety; that All-Soul's Day, so sad and sorrowful; the fears of the poor mother's heart—her bleeding heart—for patience and perseverance in so weak a child; the silent, long looks at each other—fears of interfering in any way with the designs of Infinite Love! O that day and night and the following day!' In full union of her soul with God, and with words of comfort to those around her, her head sank upon the bosom of her mother, while her spirit took its flight above. 'This,' says an eye witness, 'was the moment of victory over nature. When Mother Seton had helped to lay the little corpse on the bed, having embraced it with the tender words—'my Rebecca, my darling!' She turned towards one of the Sisters, saying, 'my dear sister, bring me a change of linen; now that my chains are broken, I will bless the Lord.' Raising her eyes and arms in a holy transport towards heaven, she exclaimed—'O my Lord! my darling is with you; she will no more be in danger of offending you. I give her to you with all my soul.'"

But we must not linger thus over scenes which, though thus isolated they may seem overstrained, are yet quite in keeping with the tenor of a whole life. Mrs. Seton's dying days carried out the beautiful consistency of her character. Her constitution had become completely shattered, and, by greater exposure than her delicate health would permit, she contracted, in the summer of 1820, a pulmonary disease, which confined her during four months to her room, and finally put an end to her life. "Notwithstanding the painfulness of her situation, she was ever cheerful, ever ready to receive the visits of the Sisters, and to give directions relative to the affairs of the community. As to the children of the academy,

she delighted to hear them at their innocent sport, and to call them into her room to give them some token of her maternal kindness." She alone possessed fortitude, and peace, and joy, when the last hour came, for all else were overwhelmed with grief at such a loss. When all was over, they bore her body to its resting place, "and there planted the Cross, the emblem of her virtue, and the rose-bush, as her immortal crown," says Dr. White, who gives his account with much sympathetic feeling; and who is there that will not say the *nunc dimittis* and the amen, to such a life and such a death, without asking in what particular form of Christian faith this pure soul received the divine influence?

How cool, after this glowing picture, comes over the imagination and the heart the spiritual image of Mary Lovell Ware, "a perfect woman, nobly planned;" a submissive and unshrinking servant of God and duty; one who loved and followed the Saviour with the docility of a child, yet never, perhaps, addressed to him one impassioned, endearing name, or shed even one of those "floods of tears" with which Mrs. Seton poured out the joys and sorrows of her heart at the foot of the cross. Considering that the two lives had one and the same aim, a stronger contrast can hardly be found than is presented by these striking exemplifications of the power of religion over the soul, nor, surely, a deeper lesson of toleration; but when shall we be as tolerant of uncongenial sectarian peculiarities as we find it easy to be of the sin, against which all sects unite in warring, each after its own natural, inseparable genius? Mrs. Seton would have mourned for Mrs. Ware as for a lost soul,—all the more surely lost for those deluding virtues which would soothe the conscience that needed rather wounding; while Mrs. Ware, calm, reasonable, and self-governed, would look with a tender pity, scarcely consistent with respect, on the dramatic virtues and ecstatic devotions of the more tropical Saint. Can even we critics contemplate, with strict impartiality, the double exhibition of what seems almost like two religions,—passion and reason, dogmatism and induction, statement and inference, feeling and philosophy? We shall content ourselves with attempting to show the reader a saintly character, so different from

the one we have been looking at, that it is probable they agree in scarcely any thing beside strong affections and a determined devotion and self-consecration each to her own idea of Christian duty.

The biography of Mrs. Ware has been so widely read and remarked upon, that we shall attempt no labored abstract of it as a history, but simply recapitulate a few of the leading facts, with their dates. Mary Lovell Pickard was born at Boston in 1798, twenty-four years later than Mrs. Seton, — a very significant fact, considering that the Revolution intervened, and that the great protest of Unitarianism took place after the latter had been withdrawn from the shifting scene. Who knows to what degree the character of either might have been modified, had she been brought up under the same roof, and the same influences with the other? Dr. Bailey, the father of Mrs. Seton, whom her filial piety endowed with “every virtue under heaven,” had undoubtedly many good qualities and no little professional skill; but he has come down to us traditionally as a rough and violent man, of somewhat reckless character, noted for profane language and a life of no great carefulness, even in exteriors. Mark Pickard, on the other hand, the father of Mrs. Ware, was a quiet, rather proud and shy English merchant, of literary tastes, and somewhat delicate and feeble in mind and body, as we judge from incidental mention in the memoir of his daughter. His wife was the daughter of James Lovell, and granddaughter of “Master Lovell,” a teacher of the classics, a man of intellect and influence, often mentioned in Revolutionary letters and records. This lady possessed those sterling qualities which have power to shape whole families; but in her case, all interest was concentrated in Mary, her only child, from the first a little marvel of sweetness and good behavior. Mrs. Pickard was one of those women of whom we are apt to say, “she looks as if she were born to be an empress,” — an expression which usually indicates qualities of mind and person which few empresses have possessed, and which are, perhaps, quite as well bestowed on the little empire of home. She was literary, tasteful, musical, and skilled in all household matters, and found her highest pleasure in imparting to her docile

child all the feminine accomplishments within reach. In 1802, the family went to England, and remained a year and a half, visiting relatives and friends of both Mr. and Mrs. Pickard. Mary, though she was at the time but three years old, never forgot the enjoyment or instruction of that sojourn in the grand old fatherland. At the age of thirteen, she was sent to a boarding-school, but soon recalled by the illness of her mother, who died after a protracted illness, during which Mary was her constant attendant. School again, and the same staid, ever correct and exemplary character throughout, — indeed, *so* correct and exemplary, that we are apt to fancy that there could be but little interest in watching her course. But at sixteen, she began to long for a more decidedly religious life, and, after due deliberation, united herself with the church. The usual guarded coolness of her expressions of sentiment may be judged from the fact, that her biographer thinks it necessary almost to apologize for her warmth in describing this period to a son many years after.

Speaking of the lack of interest in the ministrations to which she was accustomed, she says, —

“The final effect upon me was, by throwing me more upon myself, to open a new source of instruction to my mind; and I can now remember with great pleasure, and a longing desire for the same vivid enjoyment, the hours I passed in my little room, in striving by reading, meditation, and prayer, to find that knowledge and stimulus to virtue which I failed to find in the ministrations of the Sabbath.”

How would Dr. Hall have relished the office of father confessor to our Catholic saint, who, on the same topic, — the efficacy of preaching, — thus bursts forth: —

“It seems to me that those who have light and grace already might be trusted to keep them; and I would not stop, night or day, till I reached the dry and dark wilderness where neither can be found, where such horrid crimes go on for the want of them, and where there is such a glorious death to be gained by carrying them. O Gabriel, if I was light and life, as you are, I would shout like a madman alone to my God, and roar and groan and sigh and be silent, all together, till I had baptized a thousand, and snatched those poor victims from hell. And pray, madam, say you, why does not your zeal wave its flame

through its own little hemisphere? True ; but rules, prudence, subjection, opinions, etc., are dreadful walls to a burning soul, wild as mine. For me, I am like a fiery horse I had when a girl, whom they tried to break by making him drag a heavy cart, and the poor beast was so humbled that he could never more be inspired by whips or caresses, and wasted to a skeleton till he died."

It were curious to compare the religious experience, emotions, and progress of these two remarkable American women, if there were room here to run the parallel fully. Perhaps the two passages we have just quoted may be taken as suggesting all. Certain it is, that we have every reason to believe Mrs. Ware's feelings were as deep and practical as Mrs. Seton's, and Mrs. Seton's as sincere and operative as Mrs. Ware's. Strange difference to be produced by temperament and association ! Various domestic troubles helped to teach the young disciple of Channing — for such had Mary Pickard become, while all her family continued attached to the Episcopal Church — the necessity of something more stable than this world can give as a foundation for happiness. Through all trials she passed nobly, calmly, and with deep humility ; fulfilling each duty as it presented itself, yet caring always for the lamp kept burning at the secret shrine, which no hurry of business, such as often fell to her lot, no seductions of pleasure, which seem to have been but little in the way, ever led her to forget. Her father evidently did not quite relish her religious predilections, and he often rallies her on her "fondness for the clergy," — a point of no unusual jealousy among gentlemen not clerical. When she is to return from Baltimore, he writes, "I am afraid you will wait till the end of the month for the parson ; your being so fond of parsons is rather ominous ; and you had better be almost any man's wife than a parson's."

At twenty-five, Mary lost her father, and felt herself alone in the world. So entirely had she been devoted to one after another of her relatives through long illness and decline, that when this last one was laid at rest, she says, "I seem to hang so loosely on the world, that it is of little importance where I am." But now opened upon her that new scene, which was to render her name a "household word" wherever the Eng-

lish language is spoken. Her only relatives on the father's side were in England, and she had known them only as a child, twenty years before. But to them she was resolved to go, not because they were prosperous and happy, but because some of them, at least, were far otherwise, and her strong feeling of family affection, as well as her sense of religious duty, prompted her to see what was to be done among them. She says, "I go with very moderate hopes about seeing the wonders and beauties. I must be satisfied with seeing people, not things. I shall have no right to travel much, and no advantages not common to the most insignificant; nevertheless, if I can attain my principal object, all the rest will be unexpected gain." A friend describes her at this time as "worn to the bone" by care and trial, and concludes a eulogium upon her by saying, "I am afraid of adoring her, so I may as well hold my peace."

In England, she began by sacrificing all the time and attention that the ill health of the American friend with whom she travelled required, and seeing almost nothing, as a tourist, for the first two or three months. Afterwards, we find her among her relatives at Burcombe House, near Salisbury, where she remained nearly a year. That she found few pleasures in this sojourn, which, though among worthy people, was in a lonely region, where, she says, "except a call from Lord and Lady Pembroke, when they are in the neighborhood, or a visit from some travelling acquaintance, scarcely any one enters the house except the family," we may judge from the following passage in one of her letters: —

"I would not return without seeing and doing all that may be in my power; but that I do look forward with a feeling of desire such as I never knew before, to the period when I shall find myself at home, it would be folly to deny. . . . The greatest evil I find in this state of constant preparation for enduring is that I am getting into a quiescent state of inaction, not being quite enough at ease to exert my own powers freely. I am losing that activity of mind which I rather hoped to increase. . . . I am fated to find trouble wherever I go, and ought to be truly grateful when it is such as I can relieve."

In July, when she was longing to be at home, an opportunity offered for her to visit her father's relatives in the north of

England, and she felt it her duty to go. Her father's only sister, who had been left a widow in very destitute circumstances, was still living, in a distant and obscure village of Yorkshire. This village, called Osmotherly, became the scene of those labors of our heroine which have made her so well known as the "Good Lady of Bleaburn." She went thither for three weeks, and remained three months, writing to her friends at home full accounts of the condition of things, though one would have thought her hands full enough without the pen. The prospects which opened upon her at Osmotherly are well summed up thus : —

"I find that I could not have come at a better time for doing good, or a worse for gaining spirits. My aunt's two daughters are married, and live in this village; one of them, with three children, has a husband at the point of death with a fever; his brother died yesterday of the small pox, and two of her children have the whooping cough; added to this, their whole dependence is upon their own exertions, which are entirely stopped now. . . . But, worse than all, one of her (the aunt's) sons has come home in a very gloomy state of mind, and all her efforts have failed to rouse him to exertion. I hope to be more successful, for he seems willing to listen to me."

The inhabitants in general were poor and ignorant, and Mary says, "If they had a parson to write the 'Annals of the Parish,' I really think the arrival of the 'American lady' would stand as the most remarkable event in the year 1825." And well it might. Mary Pickard was nurse, pecuniary aid, and general comforter to the village during some three months of almost universal illness; watching with the sick; prescribing for them; performing the last offices for the dead; supplying the wants of the poor; directing sanitary measures which perhaps saved the total depopulation of the place through ignorance, prejudice, superstition, and poverty; and, withal, caring for the melancholy cousin beforementioned, who harassed his mother and friends by continual insanity and a disposition to self-murder. To the affectionate remonstrances of distant friends she replies, "Don't fear for me. I do not think I am going to be sick, and if I am, it will be for some good purpose. I could not regret what I have done. I could almost say, as Mr. Thacher once said, 'I had better live a

shorter life and a useful one.'” Typhus and spotted fever were the appalling diseases thus heroically and calmly faced; and of one of the sufferers, a little cousin, she says, “I lay with him after the spots came out, not knowing what it meant.” Near the end of November, after she had closed the eyes of five of her relatives in Osmotherly, some friends came for her from Penrith, and carried her home with them to recruit her exhausted energies. But in less than a month, a letter from Osmotherly, informing her that her aunt was apparently dying of typhus fever, took her back once more to the scene of her labors. From thence she writes, “We two are the only beings in this little cottage; for I have sent her two sons out to sleep, as a precaution against the fever, and put a bed in the corner of the room for myself. . . . I have no recollection of ever having had the same degree of good spirits as I have been blessed with for the last six months, — I may say nine; and, save my longing for home, I have had no cause to wish any one thing different from what it has been. God grant I may not be tempted to great presumption. I hope my wishes are humble, though my confidence may be great.” Shortly after, she was taken ill, and reduced to the last degree of weakness, but with cheerfulness wholly unimpaired. In a month, she returned once more to Penrith. Meanwhile, it is evident that what she had been doing excited no surprise among her friends at home. One of them writes, “With all these desires for your return, nobody murmurs; everybody says it is much better for you to stay. And Mrs. Bond says, when she expressed her sorrow about it to Dr. Channing, he gave her, for the first time in his life, almost an angry look!”

In June, 1827, about a year after her return home, Miss Pickard was married to the Rev. Henry Ware, Jr., then a widower, with two children. The disposition of mind in which she entered upon her new duties seems to have savored less of earth than heaven. She was one who habitually spoke of the “*blessings* of responsibility,” instead of its burdens. She was indeed a helper to her excellent husband, whose biographer speaks of the year that followed this marriage as one of the most active and useful of his ministry. They both, in

after life, spoke of the "Eden of Sheafe Street," so lovely was the memory of this their early married home. But only a year of such happiness was allotted to them. Mr. Ware lost his health, and Mary once more found that Providence had intended her for a nurse. On the 1st of April, 1829, Mr. and Mrs. Ware sailed for Europe, with the hope that the voyage and a sojourn abroad might restore Mr. Ware's strength. A young child was to be left behind; but the wife said,—"I felt I had done all poor human nature could do; the rest was in God's hands—it was all in God's hands." She said, in after years, that this was the most trying period of her life. One of her husband's most distressing symptoms was a total depression of spirits; a sense of helplessness, a fear of uselessness, agonizing to such a spirit as that of his wife, so tender, so sympathizing, so ready to take all troubles upon herself. The experiment was unsuccessful, and, after fourteen months' absence, the pair returned home, sadly, and bearing with them a young infant, born in Rome. Mrs. Ware's power of endurance was now for the time exhausted, and a long and protracted illness followed her arrival at home.

The remainder of her married life was but the conclusion of this beginning. Repeated illnesses of Mr. Ware, the birth and loss of children; labors incessant and out of measure; failing strength on the part of the devoted wife—these filled up the years till Mr. Ware died, in September, 1843. We could gladly dwell upon the beautiful submission and admirable conduct of Mary Ware in these hours of deepest woe. Perhaps one little circumstance may be taken as a key to the whole. "A Sunday intervened before the body was removed for burial, and that day Mrs. Ware went, with her children, morning and afternoon, to their accustomed place of worship; desiring it for their own sacred communion, and believing it most in accordance with *his* feelings." Would that this holy example might sink deep into the hearts of those who allow custom and convention to warp the course of feeling and emotion *from* the church instead of *to* it, when bereavement throws the soul upon its highest resources for support and consolation! Mrs. Ware desired, too, to associate the idea of death in the minds of her children, not with restraint and

gloom, but with the place of prayer and praise, and the presence of cheerful worshippers. "It was a holy season," says one of the daughters, "those days after dear father left us; no bustle, no preparation of dress, no work done but what was absolutely necessary; it was like a continued Sabbath."

Something more than six years of life remained to Mrs. Ware in her widowed state. These were passed in straitened circumstances, and painful efforts at occupations uncongenial and wearing, particularly that of teaching, which, undertaken at that time of life, was trying in the extreme to head and heart. An insidious disease supervened, a disease involving distressing operations, and obliging her to look death in the face, till she learned to welcome his aspect as that of a friend and deliverer. Beautiful, indeed, is the picture drawn on the mind by the account of her long decline; and the close proved all that could be desired, fit cadence to a life whose movement had been governed throughout by a hidden music. She died on Good Friday, and in the calm hour of an April twilight, surrounded by friends whose countenances beamed with the glory they felt was about to be revealed to her, and holding to her loving heart her husband's precious lines, written when he once had the thought that he must die without again beholding her. His words would serve for her epitaph, if we imagine them the offering of the multitudes she had helped, comforted, and instructed:—"Dear, dear Mary; if I could, I would express all that I owe to you. You have been an unspeakable, an indescribable blessing. God reward you a thousandfold! Farewell *till we meet again*."

ART. VIII. — *The Life and Epistles of St. Paul*. By the Rev. W. J. CONYBEARE, M. A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and the Rev. J. S. HOWSON, M. A., Principal of the Collegiate Institution, Liverpool. London: Longman, Brown, Green, & Longmans. 1852. 2 vols. 4to. pp. xvi. 492 & 573.

AMONG the hamlets and decaying villages of the Turkish